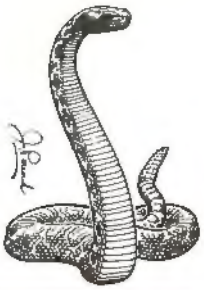
DEATH RATTLE™

NUMBER 17 • MATURE READERS • $2 ($2.60 CANADA)

Jaxon, Holmes, Baseball & Beelzebub!



RATTLER

HOLMES • JAXON • WOOLEY • MILLAWAY

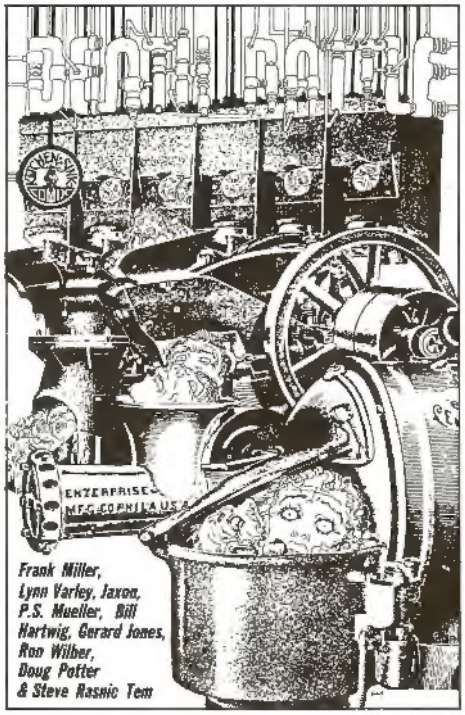
It's summer, and to commemorate it, ***Death Rattle*** #17 is filled with humid emotion, sweaty passion and hellish heat. We begin with our Canadian friend **Rand Holmes'** superb cover depicting what can happen when you try to take the extra base in the Demon League. In the Demon League, they play for keeps... Rand's cover segues into a 20-page story drawn by him and written by **John Wooley** and **Jim Millaway**, called "Slide Sinner Slide." It's a story about a small town in America, filled with typical small town American dwellers with small town American values—including softball on Sundays. Then, e-vil with a capital E—***E-vil***—arrives, and the great game of baseball will never be the same...

For a Canadian, Mr. Holmes captures this small American town—and the ***E-vil***—extraordinarily well. He also does baseball proud, a sport that is foreign to him. Rand and his wife, **Martha**, added their first child to their family while Rand was completing "Slide Sinner Slide." They follow in the footsteps of **Jaxon** and his wife, **Tina**, whose blessed event came last year while Jaxon was preparing the return of "Bulto" to these pages. It just shows that ***Death Rattle***'s contributors are fertile not only in their imaginations. Another bad taste "Rattler" comment...

Speaking of **Jaxon**, he chimes in with an 11-page "Bulto" story, the penultimate in the series. ("Penultimate" means there's one more left after this one.) Here, the mines at San Saba become defunct, and Rabago, the vicious commandant, finally gets his just desserts. You can find out the gruesome details inside.

Next issue: Is a whambang **40-page** giant special, at no additional cost! We begin with a **Frank Miller** cover. You may have heard of him before—***Daredevil, Dark Knight***, and like that—but now Miller has finally hit the ***really*** big time with a cover for us! **Jaxon's** exciting conclusion to "Bulto" is our big feature—don't miss this one! Then there's **Steve Rasnic Tem's** and **Ron Wilber's** "Small Acts of Revenge," an 8-page chiller in the EC manner. Tem

Watch for *Death Rattle* #18 in October!



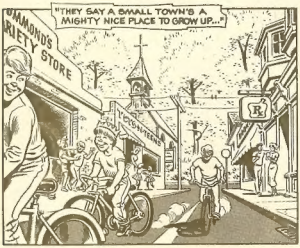
Frank Miller, Lynn Varley, Jaxon, P.S. Mueller, Bill Hartwig, Gerard Jones, Ron Wilber, Doug Potter & Steve Rasnic Tem

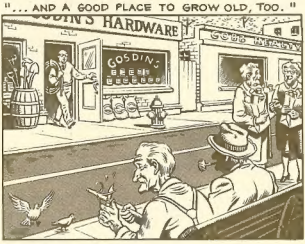
is a newcomer to comics, but his work has shown up in a wide range of places, including ***Asimov's SF Magazine, Twilight Zone Magazine,*** and his horror novel, ***Excavation***, was recently published by Avon. Wilber was last seen here in #16's "Annie," and he's a featured artist in ***Critters***. Once again, **P.S. Mueller** and **Bill Hartwig** join us with another of their drolly horrible—or is it ***drooly*** horrible—shockers. This one's called "The Old Wisconsin That I Knew." It'll set your teeth on edge! Finally, **Doug Potter** and **Gerard Jones** team on an eerily thoughtful work, "When I Grow Up." Jones, co-writer of ***The Trouble With Girls***, makes his ***Death Rattle*** debut, as does Potter, writer and artist of the justly famed ***Chips and Vanilla***. Watch for ***Death Rattle*** #18 in **October.** You'll be glad you did!

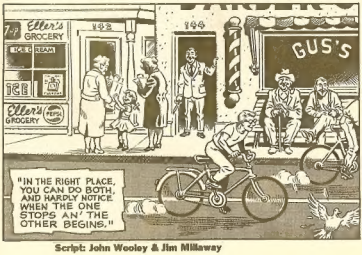
Death Rattle No. 17, July 1988. Published bi-monthly by Kitchen Sink Press, Inc., No. 2 Swamp Rd., Princeton WI 54968. Cover copyright © 1988 by **Rand Holmes**; "Bulto" copyright © 1988 by **Jaxon**; "Slide Sinner Slide" copyright © 1988 by **Rand Holmes, John Wooley** and **Jim Millaway**. Entire contents copyright © 1988 by **Kitchen Sink Press, Inc.** All rights reserved. Price: $2.00 per copy in U.S., $2.50 in Canada. Submissions **must**, we say **must**, be accompanied by a **stamped, self-addressed envelope or we will not be responsible for replies or returns! We mean it! No kidding! Fair warning!** Printed in USA.

Another fine Art Carbunkle scan.

SLIDE, SINNER, SLIDE







Script: John Wooley & Jim Millaway

Art: Rand Holmes

JUST ABOUT THE ONLY FELLA WHO WASN'T *REAL* CONTENT WAS THE REVEREND *GEORGE BOOKMAN* AT THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

"OH HE WAS DOIN' ALL RIGHT, BUT EVER SINCE THE SOFTBALL TEAM HAD STARTED HOLDIN' PRACTICE ON SUNDAY MORNINGS, WELL..."

"SOFTBALL GOT TO BE MORE IMPORTANT TO A LOTTA FOLKS THAN PRAYIN'-- 'SPECIALLY SINCE THE TEAM HAD WON THE CLASS E FASTPITCH CHAMPIONSHIP TWO YEARS RUNNIN'."

"THEY ALWAYS HAD A GOOD TURNOUT FOR PRACTICE-- ENOUGH TO MAKE TWO TEAMS FOR A SCRIMMAGE. SOME GOOD BALLPLAYERS, TOO..."

THWACK

HE'S COMIN' KEN!

BETTER SLIDE, JEFF!

THUP

"...AND, AT LEAST ONE THAT WASN'T."

TELL YOU WHAT, JEFF. YOU EVER-- BY SOME MIRACLE--GET ON THIRD IN A GAME, WE'LL TELL THE UMP YOU'RE A CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR--AND YOU CAN'T COME HOME TILL EVERYTHINGS *OVER*.

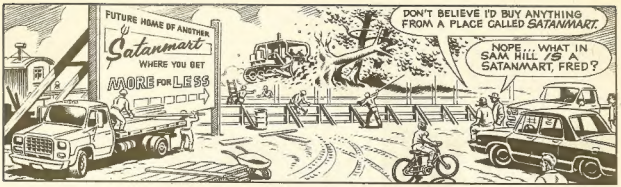
HA HA HA

YOU'RE SPOSED TO *SLIDE*, JEFF--NOT LAY DOWN IN THE DIRT. YOU MIGHTA BEEN ABLE TO SNEAK HOME FROM *CANADA*, BUT YOU CAN'T SNEAK HOME ON *US*.

AW, C'MON, CLYDE.

2

THE GUYS ALWAYS KIDDED JEFF ELLER ABOUT DUCKIN' THE VIETNAM THING -- IT WAS KIND OF A TOWN JOKE. BUT EVEN IF HE HAD GONE TO WAR, I EXPECT THEY'D HAVE FOUND SOMETHIN' ELSE TO RIDE HIM ABOUT.
SEEMS LIKE THERE'S ALWAYS ONE FELLA THAT DON'T QUITE FIT, NO MATTER HOW HARD HE TRIES. JEFF ELLER WAS THAT FELLA IN PLEASANTVILLE.
"JEFF'S SITUATION SURE DIDN'T IMPROVE ANY AFTER... HE CAME TO TOWN.
FLIPP
SOLD
HE-666
DOGGONE IT, JEFF. YOUR DAD, REST HIS SOUL, ALWAYS SAID HE'D LET US HAVE THAT LAND TO BUILD A NEW DIAMOND. NOW YOU SELL IT TO SOME CITY FELLA.
HELL, NO TELLIN' WHAT HE'LL BUILD OUT THERE. ONE OF THEM COWBOY DISCOS OR SOMETHIN'...
NAW, ED. THE MAN THAT BOUGHT IT -- WHY HE'S JUST A REGULAR GUY.
WHAT'S HE GONNA DO WITH THE LAND, JEFF? YOU KNOW?
WELL ... NO. HE SAID IT'D MEAN NEW JOBS FOR PLEASANTVILLE THOUGH.
SNO CONE
KNOW WHAT KINDA JOB HE GAVE YOU?
RRMMMMMMMmmm
HUH?
A SNOW JOB!
YEOW!
HA HA HA HA HA HA H


FUTURE HOME OF ANOTHER Satanmart WHERE YOU GET MORE FOR LESS
DON'T BELIEVE I'D BUY ANYTHING FROM A PLACE CALLED SATANMART.
NOPE... WHAT IN SAM HILL IS A SATANMART, FRED?

YOU GOT ANY FRESH SHAVED HAM DOWN AT THAT PLACE OF YOURS JEFF? I MEAN FRESH, NOW.
SURE, I...
YOU KIDDIN'? THAT HAM'S BEEN IN HIS COOLER SINCE WHO LAID THE CHUNK. HE PROB'LY HAD IT IN HIS BACK PACK WHEN HE GOT HOME FROM CANADA.

C'MON, CLYDE--THAT HAM'S FRESH AS THE MORNIN' DEW. I SHAVED IT MYSELF NOT 30 MINUTES AGO.
WELL... HELLO, JEFF.

DON'T BELIEVE I'VE HAD THE PLEASURE OF MEETING THE REST OF YOU BOYS.
THE NAME'S DUNCAN. GIL DUNCAN. I'D BE PROUD TO BUY THE COFFEE THIS MORNIN' -- IF YOU WOULDN'T MIND SHARIN' A CUP WITH AN OLD BOY WHO'S MISSIN' HIS HOMETOWN.

THIS IS KEN DRUMMOND, MR. DUNCAN--KEN OWNS THE VARIETY STORE. MR. DUNCAN'S THE SATANMART MAN, KEN.
GOOD TO MEET YOU MR. DUNCAN
CALL ME GIL, KEN... AND THAT "SATAN-MART" THING IS SOMETHIN' SOME CITY BIG SHOT DREAMED UP--HE SAID IT WAS CAUSE WE BEAT THE DEVIL OUT OF HIGH PRICES, HEH HEH.

YOU BOYS KNOW ANYONE LOOKIN' FOR WORK, YOU SEND 'EM TO ME, OKAY? RIGHT NOW I CAN ONLY HIRE PART-TIME, BUT IT'D BE GOOD WORK FOR OLDER FOLKS, OR WOMEN... OR EVEN YOUNG PEOPLE.
WELL, MY WIFE KINDA HELPS AROUND THE STORE--BUT EXTRA MONEY'S GONNA SOUND LIKE THE DEVIL'S OWN TEMPTATION TO HER AND MY DAUGHTER.

IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE THE SATANMART OPENED -- AND SOON AFTER *THAT* GIL DUNCAN MADE BELIEVERS OUT OF PRACTICALLY EVERYONE IN TOWN.

GRAND OPENING

LOOK THERE, ETHEL. THOSE SOCKS ARE $1.59 DOWNTOWN, AND PEPTO BISMOL'S TWICE AS HIGH AT THE DRUGSTORE

AIN'T THAT SOMETHIN'? LET'S GO *GET* SOME OF THAT STUFF!

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT -- SATANMART WAS HAVIN' A POWERFUL EFFECT ON PLEASANTVILLE. LIKE A BIG ROCK IN A LITTLE POND, THE RIPPLES REACHED CLEAR ACROSS.

YEAH HONEY, I'M SORRY. I CAN'T TALK -- BUT IF YOU CAN GET SUPPER FOR THE KIDS...

PRODUCE

YOU'RE SPECIAL TO US!

YEAH. WE'RE JUST *SWAMPED* DOWN HERE. UH-HUH. 'BYE, HON.

KEN? UH-HUH. THIS IS WILLY. I JUST FOUND OUT I GOTTA WORK AGAIN SUNDAY...YEAH. I'LL TRY TO MAKE IT NEXT WEEK. OKAY.

HUH...? WELL, MAYBE *YOU* CAN PITCH. OKAY. SO LONG.

"IF ANYONE HAD BEEN WAY BACK IN THE STORE, BACK WHERE THIS BIG, LOCKED OFFICE WAS..."

PRIVATE

GIL DUNCAN

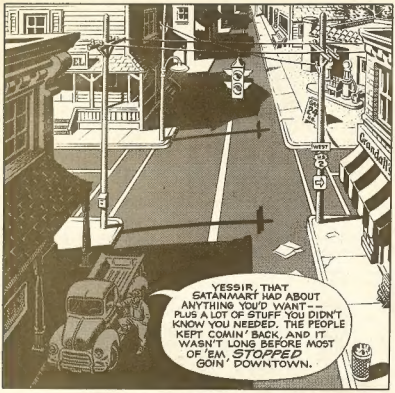
"...THEY MIGHT HAVE HEARD SOMEONE WHO SOUNDED A LOT LIKE GIL DUNCAN..."

"LAUGHING..."

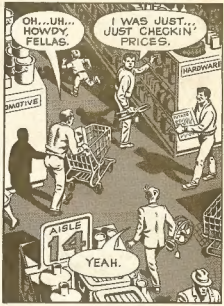
Satanmart

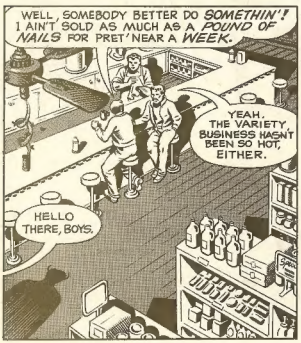
PLEASANTVILLE

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA



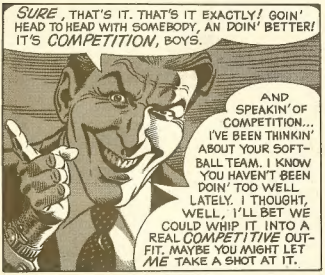
"THAT GOT BROUGHT HOME WHEN KEN DRUMMOND, ED GOSDIN, CLYDE PARKER AND JEFF ELLER ALL RAN INTO EACH OTHER ONE DAY AT THE SATANMART. EVERY ONE OF 'EM WAS BUYIN' SOMETHIN' THEY COULDA BOUGHT AT ONE OF THE OTHER GUY'S STORES."



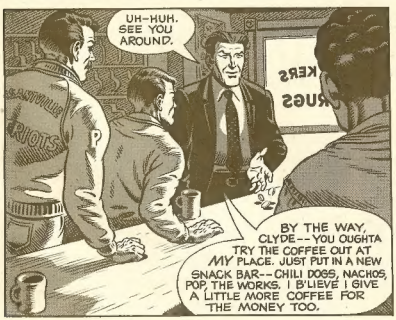


YEAH, MR. DUNCAN. WE'VE GOT PROBLEMS. IT SEEMS LIKE YOUR STORE IS WRECKIN' OUR BUSINESSES.
LOOK AROUND -- SINCE YOU BUILT YOUR PLACE, NO ONE COMES DOWNTOWN ANYMORE.

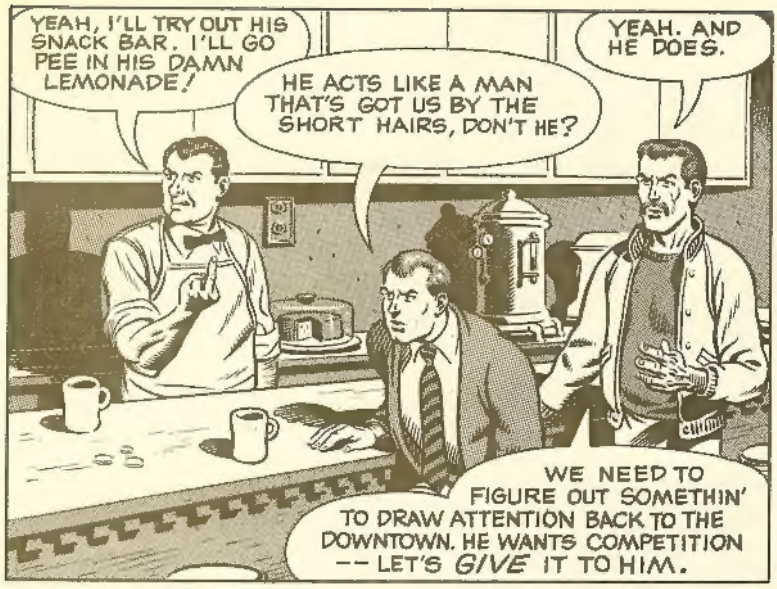
WELL NOW, THAT'S A PITY BUT Y'KNOW, AMERICA WAS BUILT ON COMPETITION. IT'S THE GOOD OL' AMERICAN WAY. YOU BOYS AREN'T AGAINST AMERICA, ARE YOU?
NO, BUT THAT'S NOT IT.


SURE, THAT'S IT. THAT'S IT EXACTLY! GOIN' HEAD TO HEAD WITH SOMEBODY, AN DOIN' BETTER! IT'S COMPETITION, BOYS.
AND SPEAKIN' OF COMPETITION... I'VE BEEN THINKIN' ABOUT YOUR SOFT-BALL TEAM. I KNOW YOU HAVEN'T BEEN DOIN' TOO WELL LATELY. I THOUGHT, WELL, I'LL BET WE COULD WHIP IT INTO A REAL COMPETITIVE OUT-FIT. MAYBE YOU MIGHT LET ME TAKE A SHOT AT IT.

LISTEN, MISTER -- YOU'RE WELCOME TO COME OUT AND ALL, BUT THE DOWNTOWN MERCHANTS HAVE SPONSORED THAT TEAM FROM THE START, AND WE AIN'T ABOUT TO STOP!
SURE, OKAY.
WE'RE DOIN' JUST FINE.
CHECKOUT
NO SALE

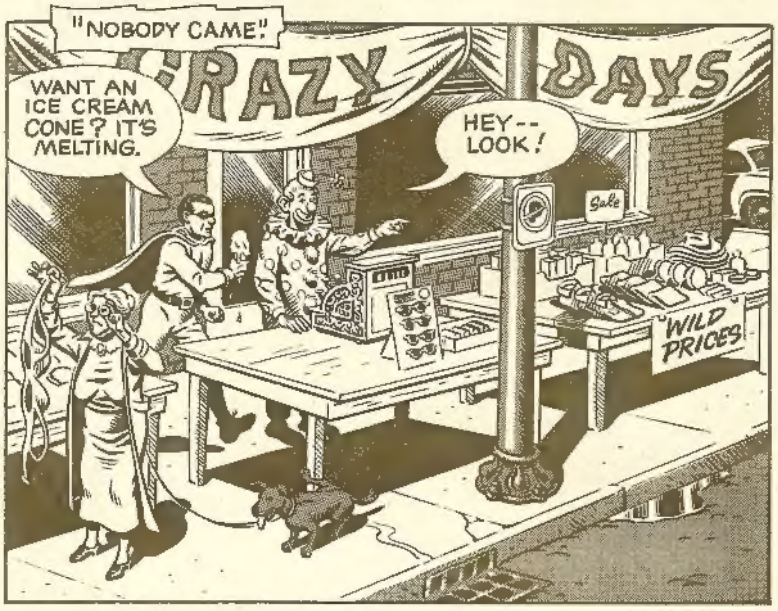

UH-HUH. SEE YOU AROUND.
BY THE WAY, CLYDE -- YOU OUGHTA TRY THE COFFEE OUT AT MY PLACE. JUST PUT IN A NEW SNACK BAR -- CHILI DOGS, NACHOS, POP, THE WORKS. I B'LIEVE I GIVE A LITTLE MORE COFFEE FOR THE MONEY TOO.

KEEP THE CHANGE.


YEAH, I'LL TRY OUT HIS SNACK BAR. I'LL GO PEE IN HIS DAMN LEMONADE!
HE ACTS LIKE A MAN THAT'S GOT US BY THE SHORT HAIRS, DON'T HE?
YEAH. AND HE DOES.
WE NEED TO FIGURE OUT SOMETHIN' TO DRAW ATTENTION BACK TO THE DOWNTOWN. HE WANTS COMPETITION -- LET'S GIVE IT TO HIM.

REMEMBER THOSE "CRAZY DAYS" WHERE WE ALL DRESSED FUNNY AND PUT STUFF ON THE SIDEWALK TO SELL? HOW ABOUT THAT?
YEAH! I COULD HAVE NICKEL ICE CREAM AND POP, RIGHT OUT ON THE STREET.
SURE. YEAH.

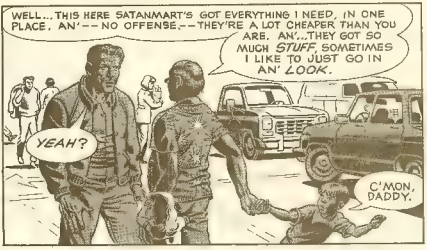
"SO THEY TRIED IT. IT WAS A RIGHT FINE CELEBRATION, EXCEPT FOR ONE THING..."
Sale

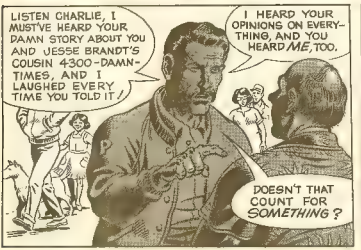

"NOBODY CAME."
WANT AN ICE CREAM CONE? IT'S MELTING.
HEY-- LOOK!
CRAZY DAYS
Sale
WILD PRICES

ED! ED!
HARDWARE
GOING OUT OF BUSINESS SALE
SPECIAL SILICON CAULKING
PAINT $3.95 QUT.

C'MON, ED -- YOU DON'T MEAN THIS. YOU CAN'T LEAVE! WHAT... WHAT'LL WE DO FOR A SECOND BASEMAN?
I'M SORRY, KEN. I TRIED TO HOLD ON. BUT I GOTTA MAKE A LIVIN' FOR MY FAMILY.
MY BROTHER-IN-LAW SAYS THERE'S WORK UP NORTH A WAYS -- THERE AIN'T NO SATANMART THERE, EITHER!

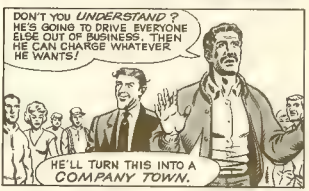
"THINGS WENT ON, AS THINGS DO, AND PRETTY SOON, WHAT WAS LEFT OF THE DOWNTOWN MERCHANTS GOT DESPERATE."





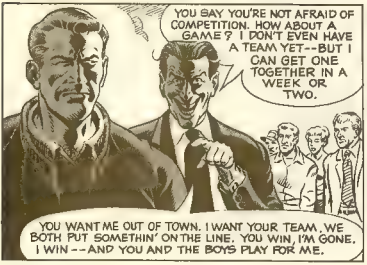
WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THIS MAN, KEN? THIS MAN IS OUR VALUED CUSTOMER. YOU CAN'T ASSAULT--
YOU KNOW WHAT I WANT, DUNCAN! I WANT YOU TO STOP SUCKING ME DRY! I WANT YOU TO GET OUT --AND I WANT YOU TO TAKE THIS -- THIS JUMBO BARGAIN BASEMENT WITH YOU!

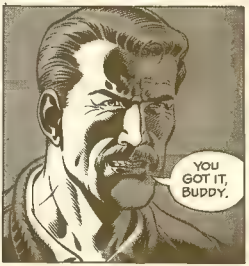
WELL, NOW. IT APPEARS THAT MR. DRUMMOND DOESN'T WANT ANY COMPETITION. THAT DOESN'T STRIKE ME AS TOO FAIR--DOES IT YOU FOLKS?
DON'T HARDLY SEEM RIGHT.
NAW.


DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? HE'S GOING TO DRIVE EVERYONE ELSE OUT OF BUSINESS. THEN HE CAN CHARGE WHATEVER HE WANTS!
HE'LL TURN THIS INTO A COMPANY TOWN.

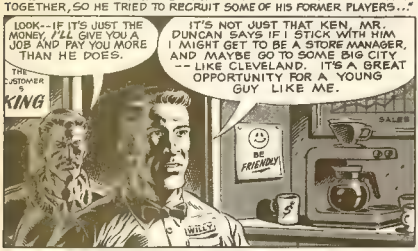
WHY I BELIEVE YOU'RE AFRAID OF COMPETITION, YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS.
WE'RE NOT AFRAID OF COMPETITION.
WELL THEN...
...YOU'RE PRETTY PROUD OF THAT BALL TEAM, AREN'T YOU?
WHY?

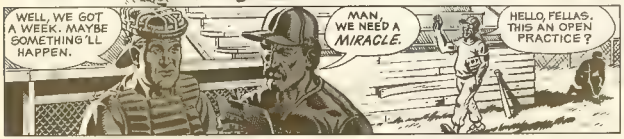
I WANT IT.

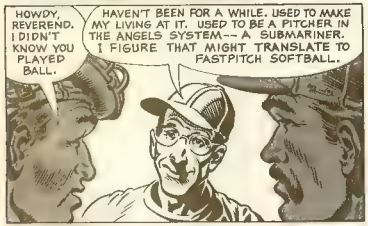

YOU SAY YOU'RE NOT AFRAID OF COMPETITION. HOW ABOUT A GAME? I DON'T EVEN HAVE A TEAM YET--BUT I CAN GET ONE TOGETHER IN A WEEK OR TWO.
YOU WANT ME OUT OF TOWN. I WANT YOUR TEAM. WE BOTH PUT SOMETHIN' ON THE LINE. YOU WIN, I'M GONE. I WIN--AND YOU AND THE BOYS PLAY FOR ME.

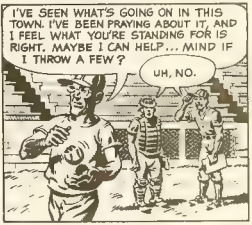

YOU GOT IT, BUDDY.

"KEN DRUMMOND KNEW GIL DUNCAN WOULD PUT A GREAT TEAM TOGETHER, SO HE TRIED TO RECRUIT SOME OF HIS FORMER PLAYERS..."

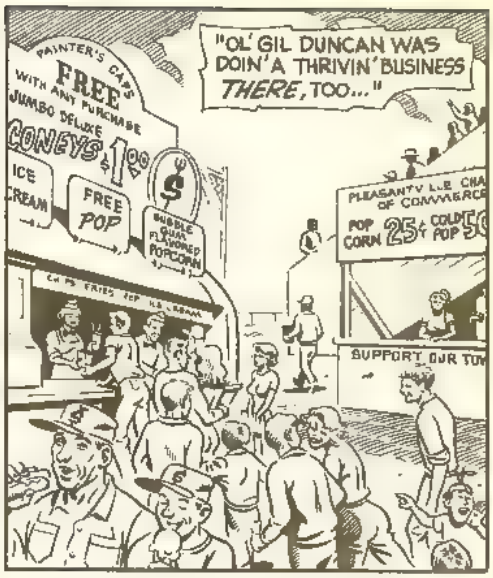


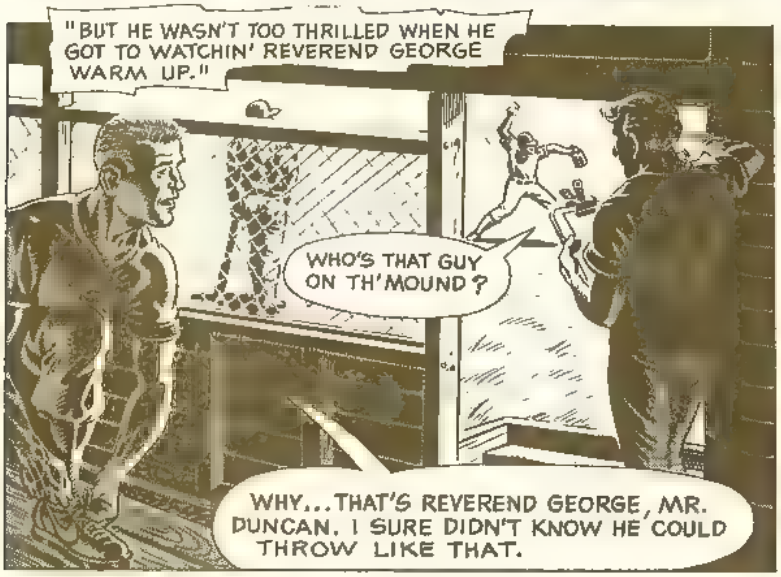




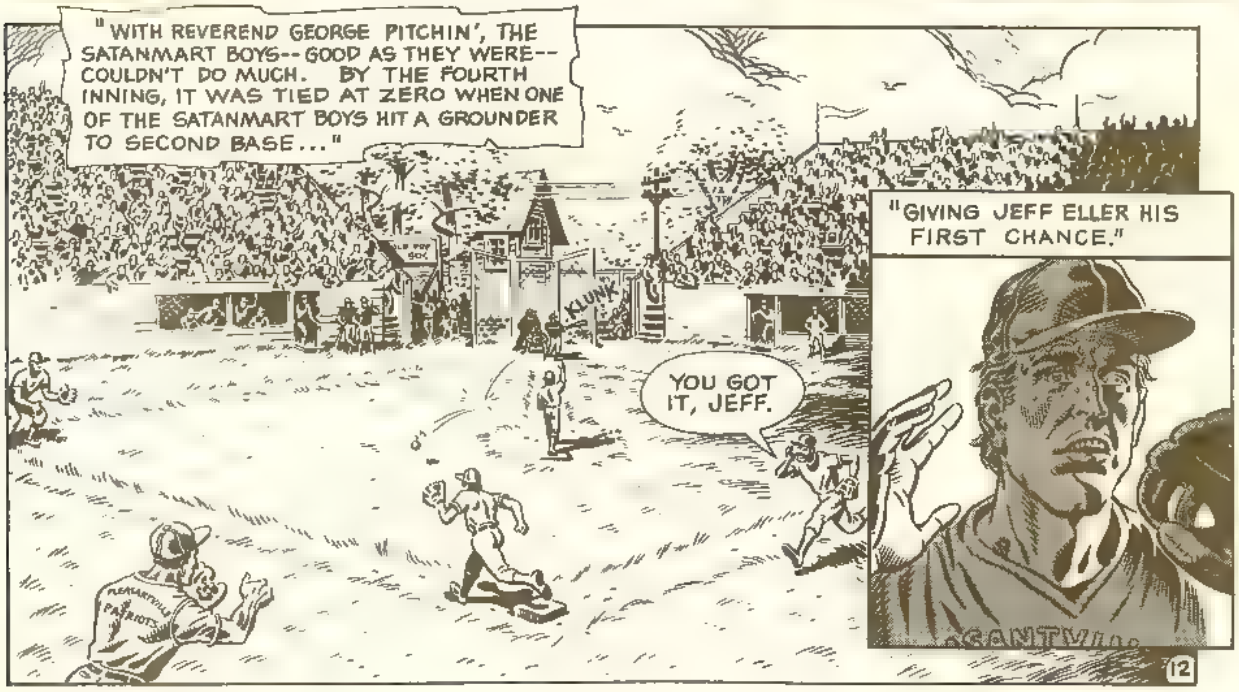


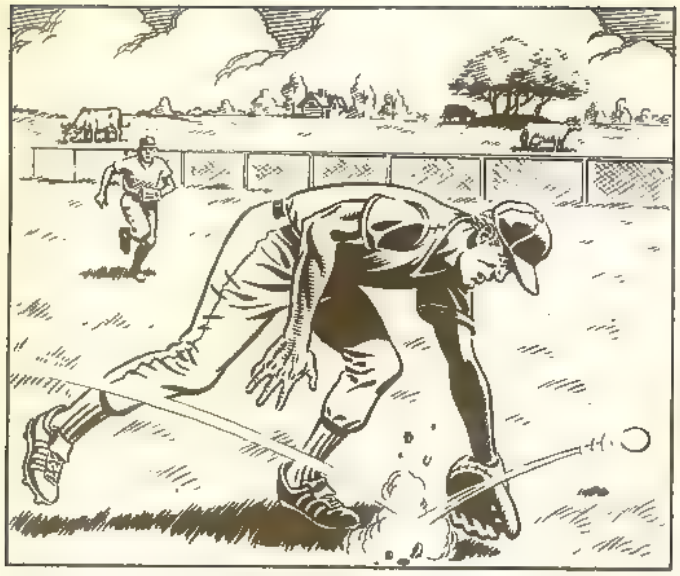
REVEREND GEORGE WAS SURE A RINGER-- BUT IT WAS AN UPHILL BATTLE FOR THE PATRIOTS. ALL PLEASANTVILLE COULD COME UP WITH WAS 10 GUYS, THAT MEANT THEY DIDN'T HAVE NO SUBS, AND THEY HAD TO PLAY JEFF ELLER AT SECOND BASE, IN ED GOSDIN'S PLACE.
GAME DAY WAS LIKE THE WORLD SERIES, SO MANY PEOPLE CAME.
TODAY SATANMART VS PLEASANTVILLE
FREE


"OL' GIL DUNCAN WAS DOIN' A THRIVIN' BUSINESS THERE, TOO..."
PAINTER'S CAPS FREE WITH ANY PURCHASE
JUMBO DELUXE CONEYS $1.00
ICE CREAM
FREE POP
BUBBLE GUM FLAVORED POPCORN
POP CORN 25¢
SUPPORT OUR TOW

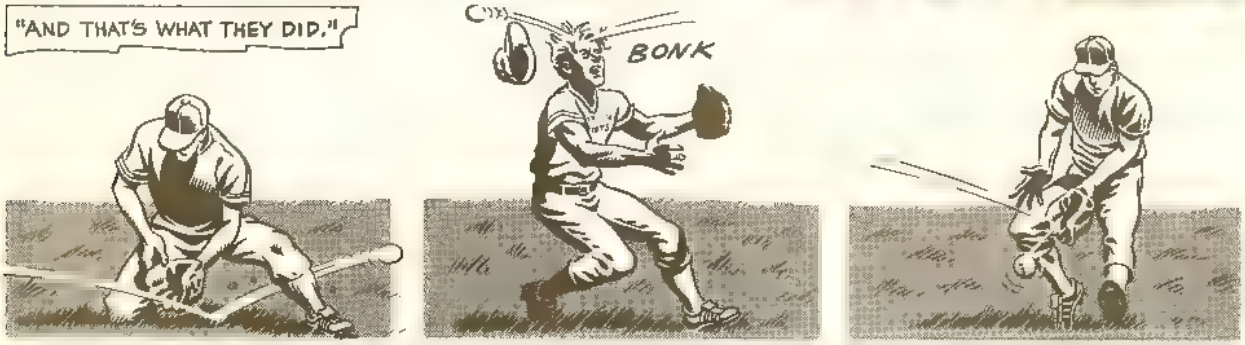

"BUT HE WASN'T TOO THRILLED WHEN HE GOT TO WATCHIN' REVEREND GEORGE WARM UP."
WHO'S THAT GUY ON TH' MOUND?
WHY...THAT'S REVEREND GEORGE, MR. DUNCAN. I SURE DIDN'T KNOW HE COULD THROW LIKE THAT.

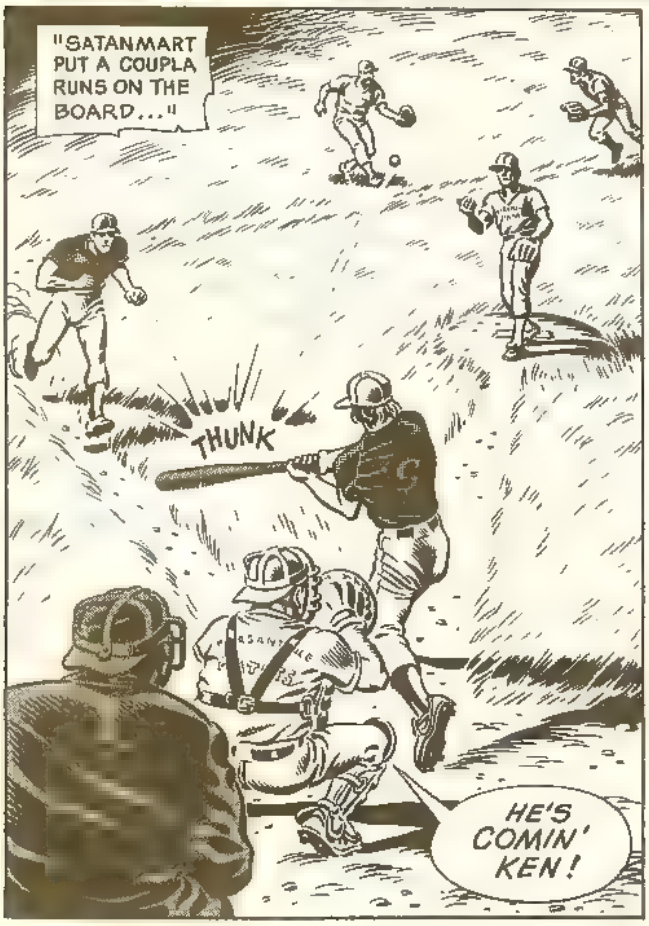
REVEREND GEORGE, HUH? I HATE PREACHERS-- ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY'RE NOT ON TV.


"WITH REVEREND GEORGE PITCHIN', THE SATANMART BOYS-- GOOD AS THEY WERE-- COULDN'T DO MUCH. BY THE FOURTH INNING, IT WAS TIED AT ZERO WHEN ONE OF THE SATANMART BOYS HIT A GROUNDER TO SECOND BASE..."
KLUNK
YOU GOT IT, JEFF.
"GIVING JEFF ELLER HIS FIRST CHANCE."
12



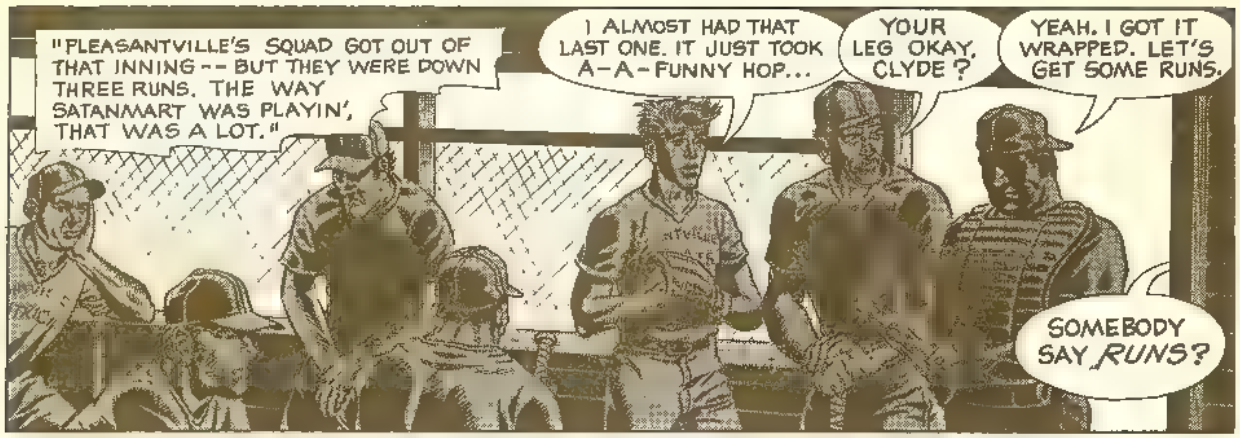
SEE THAT? EVERYTHING GETS HIT TO SECOND. GOT IT?
YEAH. SURE.
RAH
YAY
CLAP CLAP

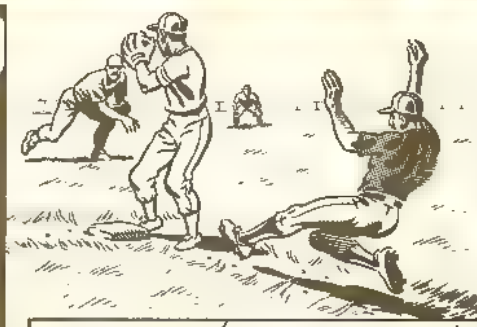

"AND THAT'S WHAT THEY DID."
BONK

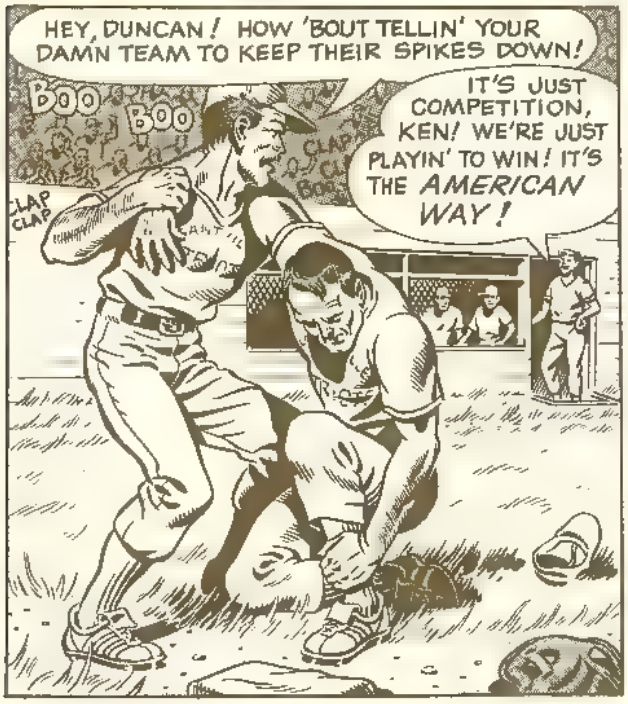

"SATANMART PUT A COUPLA RUNS ON THE BOARD..."
THUNK
HE'S COMIN' KEN!

"THEY MAYBE GOT SOME HELP FROM THE VOLUNTEER UMPS."
SAFE!

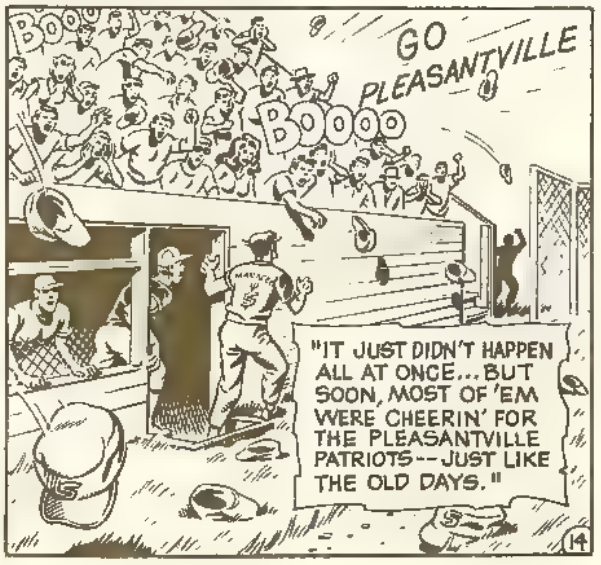
YAY
CLAP CLAP
WILLARD, YOU BLIND SON-OF-A-BITCH! I HAD HIM BLOCKED--AN' HE CUT ME BESIDES!
CLAP
CLAP
BOOOO
YAY
RAH
BOOOO
CLAP
CLAP
PLAY BALL.





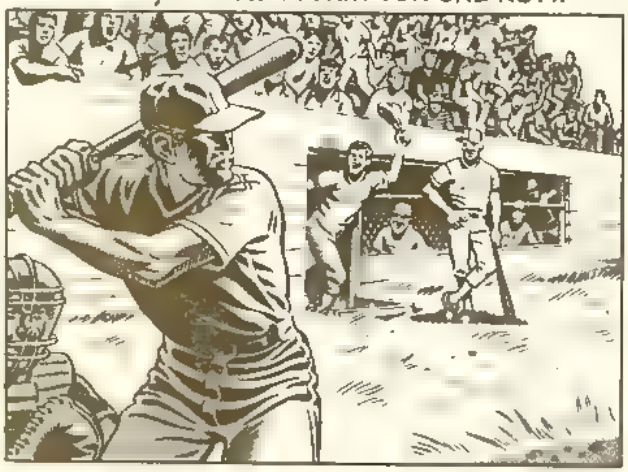


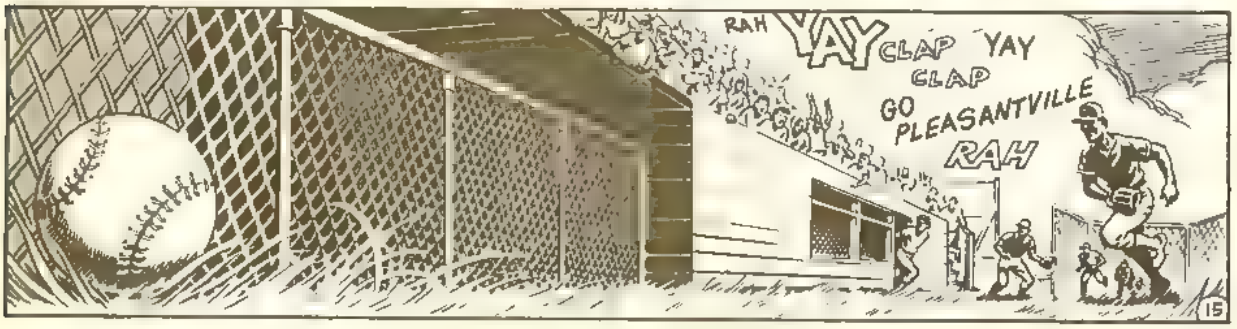
"MAYBE OL' GIL DUNCAN JUST DIDN'T UNDERSTAND THAT THERE WAS MORE TO THE AMERICAN WAY THAN JUST WINNIN'--AT LEAST IN PLEASANTVILLE. THAT CROWD FIGURED ONE TIME WAS AN ACCIDENT--BUT THE SECOND TIME, IT WAS ON *PURPOSE*. AN' THAT WASN'T RIGHT."



"IN THE NINTH, ED GOSDIN GOT A BASES-LOADED DOUBLE, TO TIE TH' SCORE--AN' THAT'S THE WAY IT STAYED FOR FOUR INNINGS."

"THEN, WITH ONE OUT IN THE 13th, KEN DRUMMOND STEPPED UP--AN' IF HE'D EVER LOOKED FOR A HIT IN HIS LIFE, HE WAS LOOKIN' FOR ONE NOW."





"AFTER ED GOSDIN GOT SPIKED, SATANMART SEEMED TO LAY OFF THE ROUGH STUFF..."

YAY
CLAP CLAP
CLAP CLAP
RAH!
GO GO

"BUT THIS WAS DIFFERENT. THE GAME WAS ON THE LINE--AN OL' GIL DUNCAN JUST FIGURED TO HELL WITH WHAT PEOPLE THOUGHT."

THROW IT! THIRD! THIRD!

STOP HIM! STOP HIM!
CLAP CLAP
HOORAY
RAH
YAY
RAH
GO

YOU HEAR ME, YOU IDIOT?
STOP HIM!

WHAP

THUD

WHY DON'T YOU JUST LET 'EM USE *GUNS*, WILLARD? THAT WAY THEY COULD JUST *KILL* US -- LIKE THAT SON-OF-A-BITCH NEXT TO YOU *WANTS*.

BOO BOO BOOO
HE *TRIPPED* HIM, UMP!

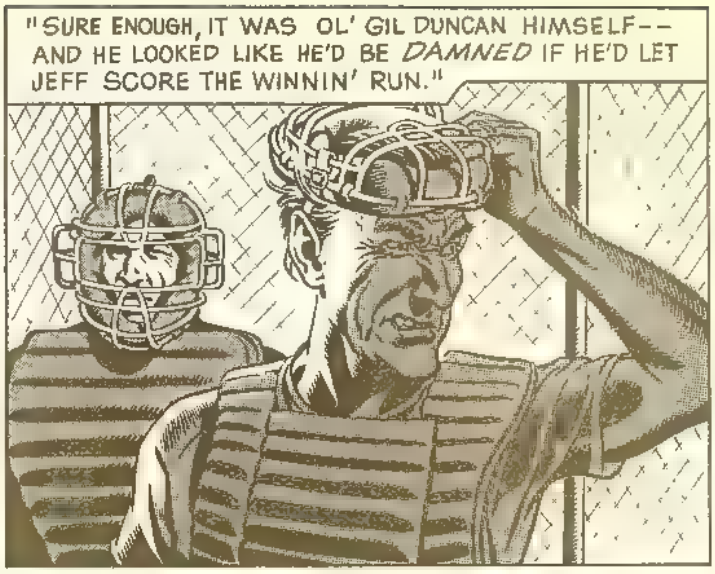
"KEN'S ANKLE WAS BUSTED, AN' HIS LEG TOO. THEY HAD TO HAVE A PINCH RUNNER FOR 'IM..."

"WITH THE FREE SUBSTITUTION RULE, JEFF ELLER COULD GO BACK INTO THE GAME, HE WAS THE ONLY MAN THE PATRIOTS HAD."

ME?! I-I DON'T KNOW. I MEAN...

YOU...GOT TO, JEFF. YOU... GOT TO.

NOW...DON'T RUN UNTIL I TELL YOU. BUT WHEN I SAY "GO," YOU GO.
OKAY. (GULP)
HEY--THEY'VE CHANGED CATCHERS!


"SURE ENOUGH, IT WAS OL' GIL DUNCAN HIMSELF--AND HE LOOKED LIKE HE'D BE DAMNED IF HE'D LET JEFF SCORE THE WINNIN' RUN."

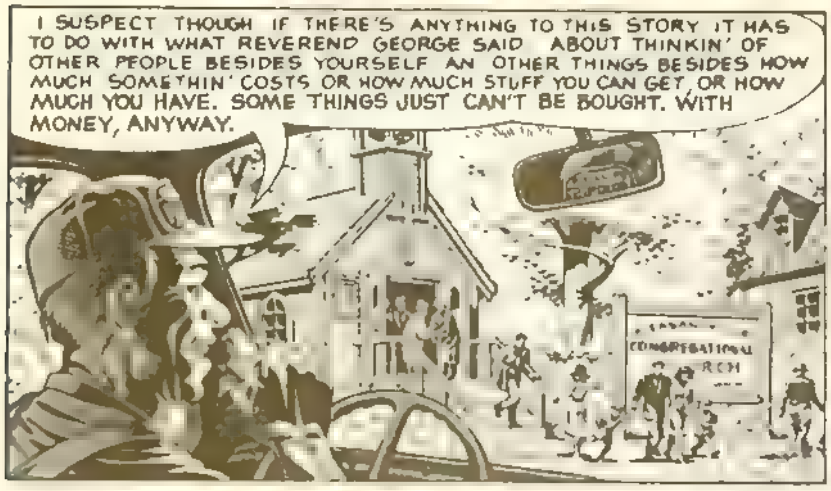
"THE NEXT MAN UP, CLYDE PARKER, TOOK A TWO-AND-TWO COUNT, THEN WHACKED A LONG FLY TO CENTER."
"THE AIR SUDDENLY CHARGED UP LIKE WE WAS GONNA HAVE A TORNADO."
KRAK

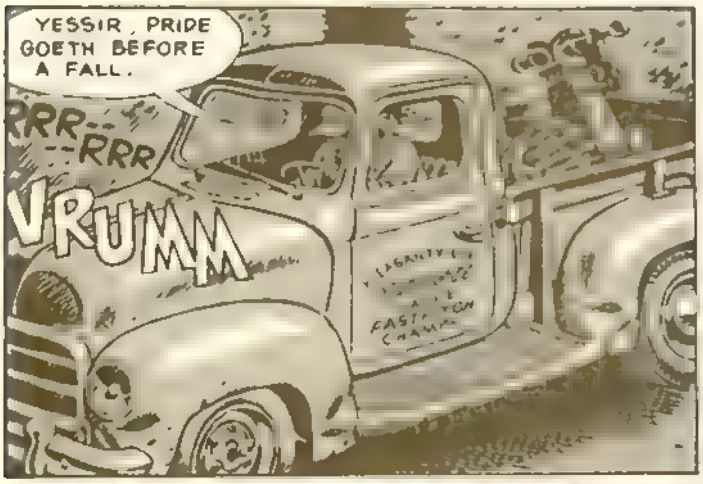
NOT YET... ...NOT YET...

GO!

C'MON, JEFF!
RAH
GO, JEFF! GO!
SSSSSSS
"THERE ARE THOSE WHO SAY OL' GIL DUNCAN TURNED INTO SOME THING THEN...
SNIK
SNIK
SNIK
SNIK
SNIK
RIIIP
"BUT THEN, THERE ARE THOSE WHO SAY JEFF ELLER TURNED INTO SOMETHING, TOO."
KA-BOOM
WHAM

"WHEN THE DUST CLEARED, GIL DUNCAN WAS NOWHERE TO BE SEEN. POOR OL' JEFF ELLER WAS THERE, THOUGH, AN' HE WAS IN AWFUL BAD SHAPE.
GEE, KEN... WE'RE--WE'RE AWFUL SORRY.
SOMEONE CALL THE AMBULANCE!
KEN...WAS... ..WAS I...
YOU WERE SAFE, JEFF.
SAFE AT HOME, PAL...
...SAFE AT HOME.
SO THAT'S IT. YOU CAN BET THE POLICE WANTED TO ASK DUNCAN A FEW QUESTIONS, BUT NO ONE AROUND HERE EVER SAW HIM AGAIN. A BUNCHA TRUCKS FROM BACK EAST CAME AN' GOT THE SATANMART STUFF, TOOK THE SIGN DOWN, AN' LEFT. THERE'S A FLEA MARKET IN THERE NOW -- ON SATURDAYS, ANYWAY.
PLEASANT CONGRE CHURC
MAIN STREET'S PROSPEROUS AGAIN AN I GUESS PEOPLE'S COUNTIN' THEIR BLESSIN'S, SO MANY'S GOIN' TO CHURCH NOW. THEY HAD TO GET 'EM A NEW PEW.
"THE TEAM CHIPPED IN FOR IT."
IN MEMORY OF JEFF ELLER A REAL PATRIOT HOME AT LAST
AND, LORD, WE PRAY THAT WE REMEMBER WHAT IS TRULY IMPORTANT IN LIFE. HELP US NOT TO GET SO WRAPPED UP IN OUR NEEDS, OUR WANTS AND OUR ACCOMPLISHMENTS, THAT WE FORGET THE FEELINGS AND NEEDS OF OTHERS.
AND HELP US NOT TO BE TOO PROUD OF OURSELVES, FOR WE KNOW THAT PRIDE GOETH BEFORE A FALL...





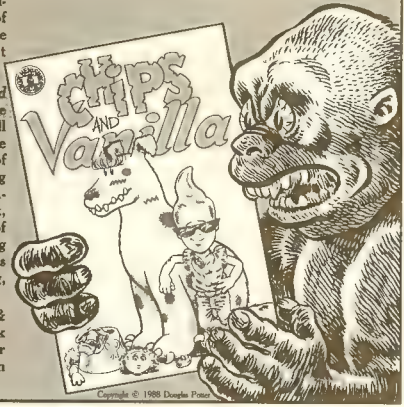
AND REMEMBER--ATTEND THE PLACE OF WORSHIP OF YOUR CHOICE.

At last, the *truth* about childhood!

Doug Potter's *Chips & Vanilla* tears away the myths of childhood and lays bare the tawdry reality of what children *really* are like...

Well, OK, maybe *Chips and Vanilla* isn't the latest Jackie Collins novel, but it's still pretty good. *Darn* good, we mean. Potter looks at some of the somber terrors facing kids—bullies, school, relations with the opposite sex, parents—through the eyes of a pre-adolescent just nudging into puberty. The kid teams up with an otherworldly dog, and then...

But see for yourself. *Chips & Vanilla* is an all ages book and it's on sale now at your favorite shop. From Kitchen Sink Press.



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It's bold!

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KITCHEN SINK COMIX

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Buy it!

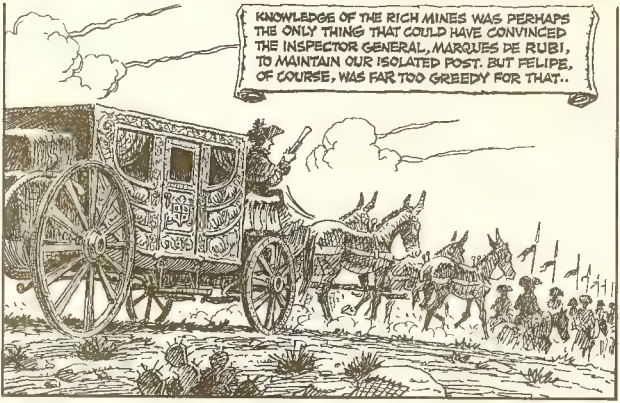
Yes, it's coming in September: Monte Beauchamp's BLAB! 3, a wild and woolly giant 112-page squarebound digest that serves up the absolute best in comics and culture. In BLAB! 3, you'll find Drew Friedman examining "Comic Shop Clerks of America"; Joe Coleman, Dan Clowes, Kim Deitch XNO and Spain Rodgriguez drawing stories; the saga of Bazooka Joe; and a forum on Robert Crumb, featuring essays written by the likes of Alan Moore, Harvey Pekar, Charles Burns, Justin Green, and a swarm of others!

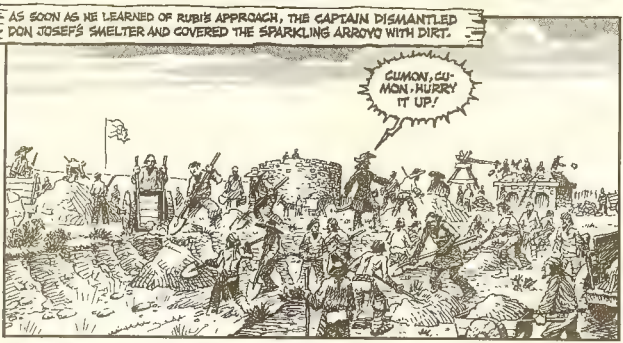
BLAB! 3 is jammed to capacity with art, stories and articles about the things YOU want to read about! Watch for BLAB! 3 this September!

From Kitchen Sink Press.

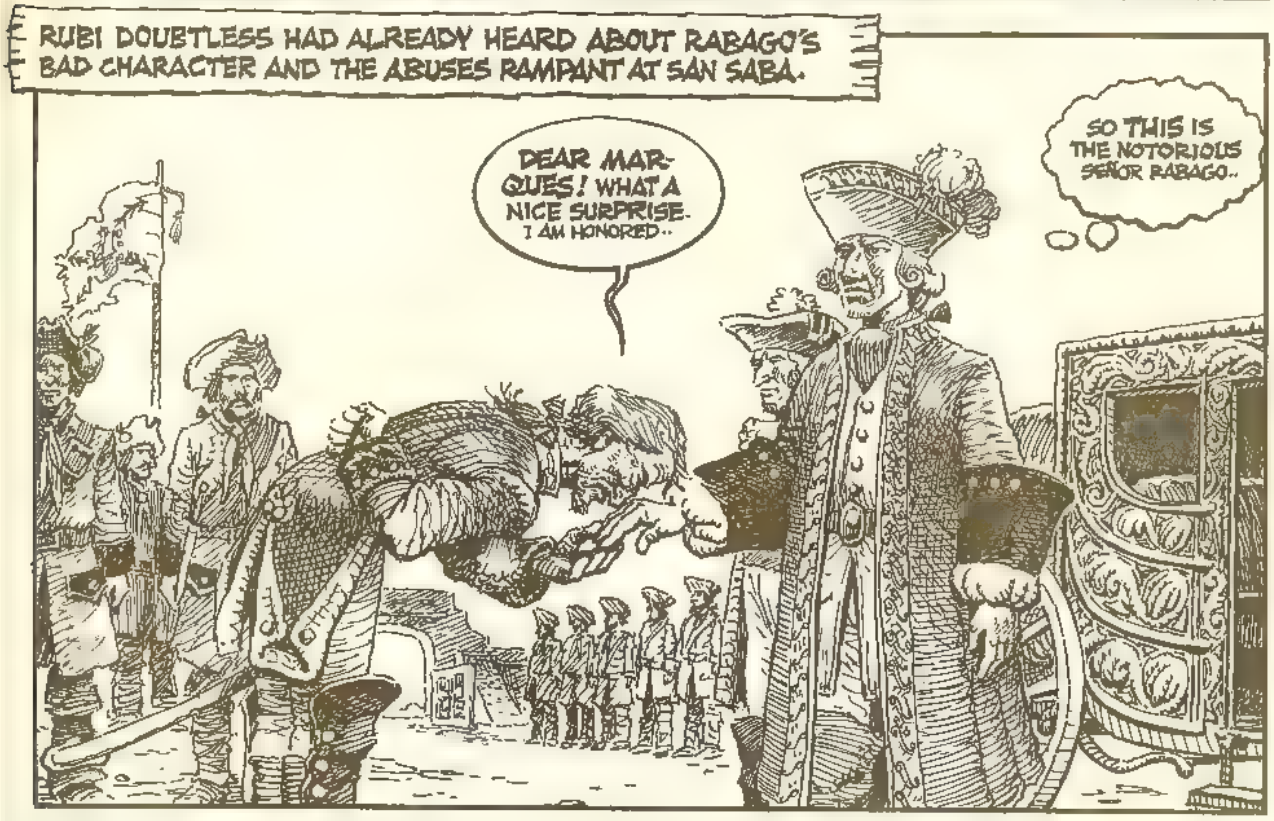
BULTO

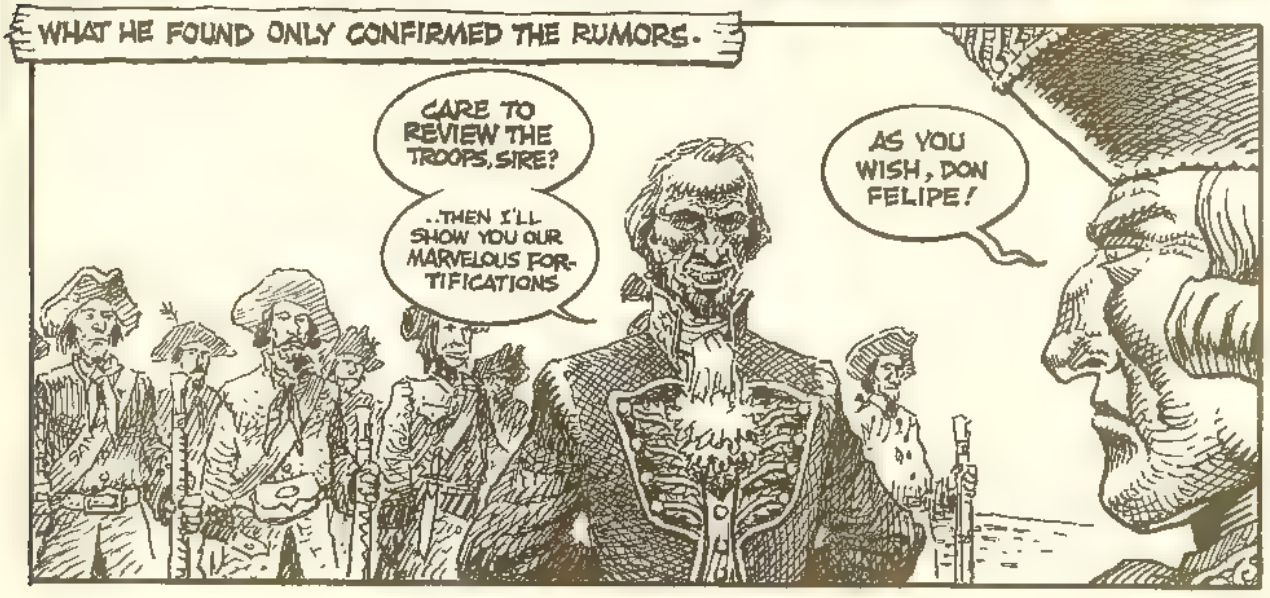
SCREAMS of DELIGHT





THEN HE MADE US TAKE AN OATH OF SILENCE.
IF THE KING FINDS OUT ABOUT THE SILVER, YOU'LL ALL HANG—I'LL SEE TO IT MYSELF!


RUBI DOUBTLESS HAD ALREADY HEARD ABOUT RABAGO'S BAD CHARACTER AND THE ABUSES RAMPANT AT SAN SABA.
DEAR MARQUES! WHAT A NICE SURPRISE. I AM HONORED..
SO THIS IS THE NOTORIOUS SEÑOR RABAGO..


WHAT HE FOUND ONLY CONFIRMED THE RUMORS.
CARE TO REVIEW THE TROOPS, SIRE?
..THEN I'LL SHOW YOU OUR MARVELOUS FORTIFICATIONS
AS YOU WISH, DON FELIPE!

FELIPE WAS ONLY 45 BUT HIS DISSIPATION HAD TAKEN A HEAVY TOLL.

DON'T YOUR MEN EVER CLEAN THEIR WEAPONS, CAPTAIN?

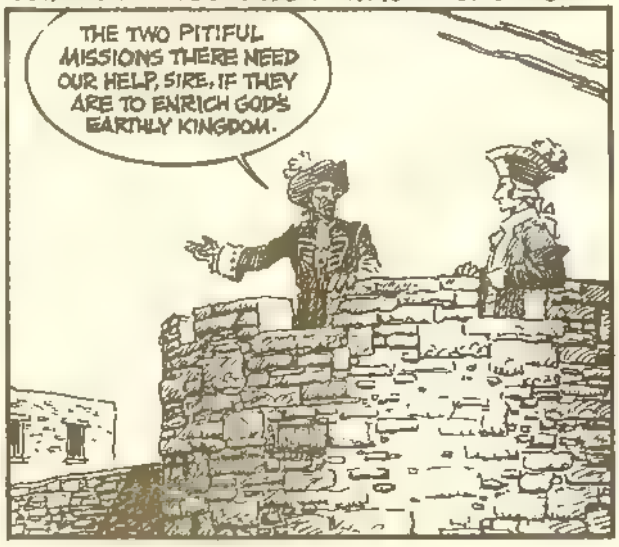
MORE RIGOROUS DUTIES CONSUME THEIR TIME HEH··· HEH···

THE MEN'S HEALTH WASN'T MUCH BETTER.. THEY WERE KEPT AT THE FORT BY DEBT AND THE CAPTAIN'S HENCHMEN, BUT MOSTLY BY FEAR OF BEING SCALPED BETWEEN HERE AND CIVILIZATION.

RUBI LATER PRONOUNCED SAN SABA THE WORST PRESIDIO ON THE ENTIRE FRONTIER BUT HE WAS CAREFUL TO KEEP FELIPE FROM KNOWING.

RABAGO, BLINDED BY VANITY, THOUGHT THE MARQUES LIKED WHAT HE SAW.

SINCE THE LOCAL MINES WERE MOSTLY WORKED OUT, FELIPE SUGGESTED A MOVE TO EL CAÑON.



REALIZING THAT RABAGO WANTED AN EXCUSE TO DESERT HIS POST, RUBI SLYLY TRICKED HIM INTO STAYING..

NO, CAPTAIN — THIS INSTALLATION OF YOURS IS THE BULWARK BETWEEN US AND THE SAVAGE HORDES OF THE NORTH! YOU'RE NEEDED *HERE*!!

THAT IMPORTANT?? I HAD NO IDEA..

WHEN THE INSPECTOR OFFERED TO TAKE ME ON AS A GUIDE FOR THE REST OF HIS TOUR, I JUMPED AT THE CHANCE.

THE CAPTAIN TELLS ME YOU'VE DONE SOME SCOUTING, YOUNG MAN.

NO, AMIGOS, I DIDN'T WITNESS THE END OF SAN SABA, BUT DON JOSEF DID AND I HAVE NEVER DOUBTED HIS ACCOUNT.

IT WAS THE POWERFUL COMANCHES WHO DECIDED THE PRESIDIO'S FATE. FIRST THEY DROVE OFF ALL THE CATTLE AND BLOCKED THE ROAD SO THE GARRISON WOULD STARVE.

THEY ESTABLISHED A POSITION NEAR THE BADEÑA DE PLATA. INSIDE WERE FOUND SOME SILVER BARS, PUT THERE IN HASTE.

WHAT DO THEY DO WITH THIS JUNK?

BECAUSE IT SHINES, THEY THINK IT BIG MEDICINE.

THEY HEFTED THEM TO CATCH THE SUN, DAZZLING THE MEN INSIDE THE FORT.

THEIR WARRIORS SCORNED OUR SOLDIERS AND MADE A MOCKERY OF SPANISH VALOR.

COME OUT, YOU COWARDS!

BAND AFTER BAND SHOWED UP, ONE OF THEM ACCOMPANIED BY A FRENCHMAN.

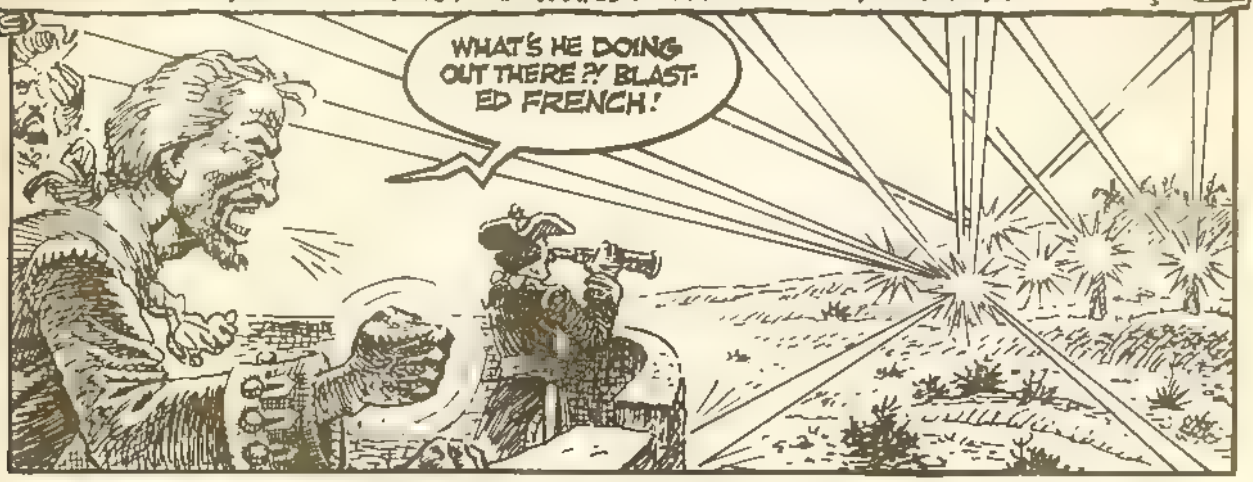
BROTHERS, WE BRING GUNS!

THEN YOU STAY FOR THE PARTY.

HE CARRIED A CHART AND WAS SOON PEERING INTO CAVES AND STEPPING OFF DISTANCES.

48, 49, 50, 51
52, 53, 54, 55

RABAGO WAS FRANTIC, BUT HE COULD NOT GO OUT AND FACE THE ASSEMBLED INDIANS. THEY WERE TOO STRONG; THE GARRISON WAS AFOOT AND TOO WEAK.



THAT WINTER AN EPIDEMIC HIT THE STARVING PRESIDIO. IT STRUCK THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST BUT SOON SPREAD TO THE MEN. GUZMAN SAID THE EFFECTS WERE TERRIBLE.

IT BEGAN WITH A SORE MOUTH AND PUS DRAINING FROM INFLAMED GUMS..

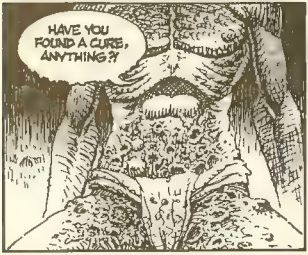
THEN THE GUMS ROTTED, TURNING BLACK AND EMITTING A SICKENING STENCH.

NEXT, THE AFFLICTED LOST THE USE OF THEIR LOWER LIMBS, WHICH DREW UP AND STIFFENED UNTIL THE VICTIM WAS IMMOBILIZED.

THEY CALLED IT "MAL DE LOANDA" AND WHOEVER IT STRUCK LASTED ONLY A FEW DAYS. DON JOSEF WAS MERCIFULLY SPARED..

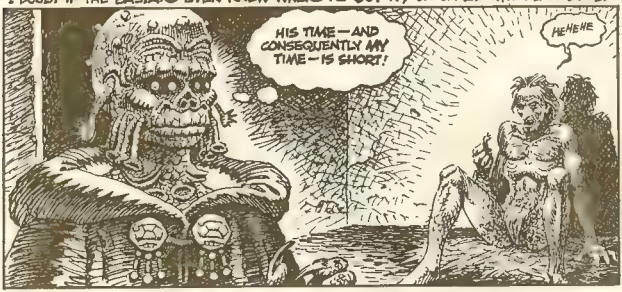
THE CAPTAIN WAS SICK TOO, BUT NOT FROM SCURVY. HIS AILMENT WAS SOMETHING WORSE.

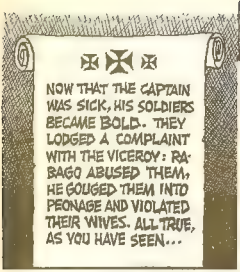
FELIPE'S LOWER BODY WAS COVERED WITH MALIGNANT SORES, THE TREATMENT OF WHICH WAS ENTRUSTED TO HIS CONSTANT COMPANION.

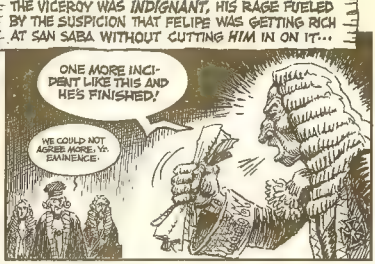


THERE WAS NO CURE, OF COURSE, FOR THE CAPTAIN'S MALADY: A VIRULENT VENEREAL DISEASE THAT HE'D CAUGHT FROM HIS DISSOLUTE LIFE AND SPREAD HALFWAY ACROSS NEW SPAIN!

I DOUBT IF THE BASTARD EVER KNEW WHERE HE GOT IT, OR CARED WHO HE INFECTED.

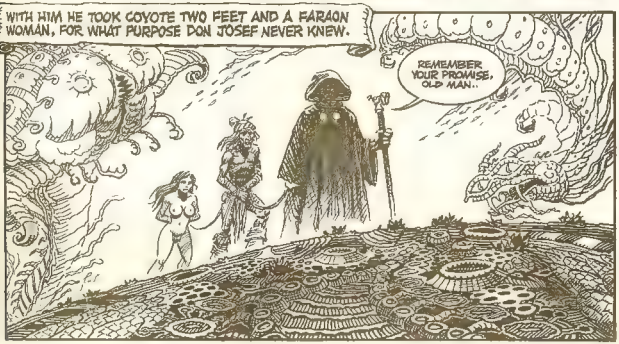






BY JUNE THE CAPTAIN WAS WELL ENOUGH TO GET AROUND — IN OTHER WORDS, TO ABANDON TEXAS.

AS PREPARATIONS WERE UNDERWAY, FELIPE'S "JESUIT" MADE ONE LAST TRIP INTO THE HILLS.



ALL HE KNEW WAS THAT RABAGO'S SINISTER PRIEST *NEVER CAME BACK*...

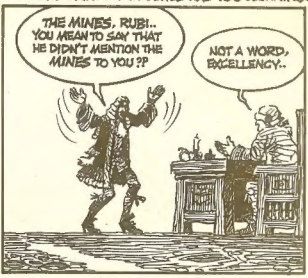
SUMMON THIS INTERGALACTIC GOD OF YOURS — IF IT *REALLY* EXISTS!

AND THAT NIGHT THE SKY WAS ABLAZE WITH STRANGE LIGHTS.

FELIPE SOON GREW TIRED OF WAITING. ALAS, SAN SABA HAD NO PACK ANIMALS LEFT, SO THE COLUMN HAD TO LIMP TO EL CAÑON — WITHOUT THE SILVER !!

FELIPE CARRIED AWAY ONLY HIS BOX OF PAPERS, HIS CHARTS TO THE MANY HIDDEN DEPOSITORIES.

BY THEN THE VICEROY HAD ALREADY DECIDED TO DUMP HIM. THE EVIDENCE WAS TOO DAMNING.



IT DIDN'T MATTER; RABAGO WAS A DYING MAN...

HE NEVER MADE IT PAST SAN LUIS POTOSI; WHERE HE'D GONE IN SEARCH OF A PHYSICIAN TO REPLACE HIS BLACK-COWLED FRIEND.

KNOWING HIS PERVERSE NATURE, HE BURNED HIS MAPS BEFORE DEATH CAME SO NO ONE ELSE WOULD PROFIT FROM WHAT HE'D BEEN CHEATED OF.

YES AMIGOS, FELIPE WAS THAT KIND OF MAN. IF HE COULDN'T HAVE IT, THEN NEITHER COULD ANYBODY ELSE!

HE CARRIED HIS SECRETS TO THE GRAVE, AND WHEN HE DIED THE BULTOS IN DISTANT TEXAS SCREAMED WITH DELIGHT.. ESPECIALLY OLD COCHATA, WHOSE SHADE GUARDED ALMAGRES..

BUT OTHER SKELETONS LITTERED THE BARS OF SILVER; FELIPE RABAGO SAW TO THAT. HOW THEY MUST HAVE REJOICED AS HIS MISSHAPEN SOUL SCUTTLED BACK TO HELL !!

jaxon · 88

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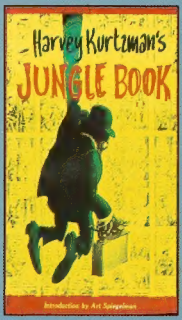

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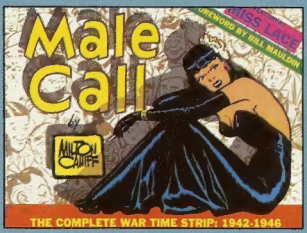

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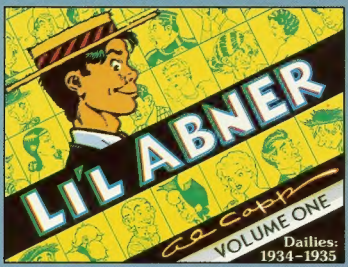

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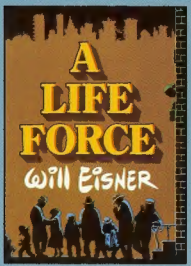

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